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and most graceful efforts; it is refined and tender in sentiment, and is simply and effectively harmonized. We can commend it as equally suited to the concert-room or the drawing-room.

Susan's Story. Ballad by Claribel. C. H. Ditson & Co., N. Y.

Claribel, by a combination of simplicity and earnestness, assisted always by a lyric that tells a story, has touched the public heart both here and in England. She writes in the true old fashioned ballad style, the easy flow of the melody being the first consideration; the accompaniments are often thin and bad in harmony, and are unnecessarily subordinate to the melody. Some of Claribel's songs have the readily recognized ring of originality, and have justly won a wide spread popularity. *Susan's Story*, though certainly pretty, is not one of her happiest efforts. The melody is strained, poor in accent, and possesses no positive individuality. Still, the story is well told, and the music has a certain amount of sentiment, which will insure it a wide circulation.

Motette, from Psalm LXXXVI. — "*Bow down thine ear, O Lord!*" By John P. Morgan. S. Brainerd & Sons, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. J. P. Morgan published this Motette when he was President of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, but he is now, we believe, a resident of this city. He is a skillful and sterling organist, and is, as this composition will prove, an excellent and conscientious musician. This Motette is divided into three movements, and closes with a Fugue. The first movement is an *andante*, in C minor, of a grave, imploring character, in which the bass voice leads off, followed by the other voices in excellent counterpoint. It is finely harmonized, the suspensions aiding the effect, sustaining the sentiment and enriching the harmony. The second movement in A flat, "*Give ear, O Lord,*" is for a male quartette, and for a mixed choir. It is not strictly in eight parts, for the two quartettes have simply alternate answering phrases. The effect of this arrangement is both solemn and beautiful, the answering of the female voices at a higher pitch, has a lifting effect which is very telling. This movement is good in conception, and rich in harmony; the subject is gravely melodious, and the well worked up *crescendo*, towards its close, is very effective.

The third movement, *Allegro Maestoso* in E flat, presents a bold, bright subject, which is strengthened by vigorous counterpoint, and a just, emphatic treatment of the words. The reproduction of the third subject in C major, through a group of chromatic transitions from B minor, is effected without any effort, and is very effective by contrast with the clear, bold subject it introduces. The movement with which the Motette concludes is a clear, bold Fugue on the Tonic, which, in keeping with the character of the work, is ably and effectively treated, and the long suspensions at the close, afford a sufficient check to the natural impetus of the movement to present a grand and imposing ending.

It is a work of very high merit, showing knowledge and invention, and a familiar acquaintance with the art of voicing. We are much impressed with its beauties and its excellence, and we shall be glad to know more of Mr. John P. Morgan's writings, for from this example, we are satisfied that there is superior merit, which we should be glad

to recognize. The Motette is dedicated to Otis B. Boise, Esq.

"*Darling, Slumber on.*" Poetry by Arthur Matthison. Music by William K. Bassford, op. 42.

This is a full-grown "*Slumber Song*," that is, it is addressed to a lovely maiden, and not to an infant in arms. It is a vocal gem; flowing, graceful and tender in melody, and rich in its distribution of harmony. It breathes a beautiful sentiment throughout, and that refinement of thought which distinguishes all Mr. Bassford's compositions. Its construction is excellent; its passing modulations are achieved without destroying the sweet simplicity of the movement, and the introduction of the subject in the accompaniment towards the close—the voice taking the contrary motion—is both artistic and effective. It is altogether a charming song, and should meet with a large circulation. The poem is also very pleasing. It is dedicated to that talented young artist, Miss Kate McDonald.

ART MATTERS.

"How are we to reform the National Academy?" is a question which just at present agitates many an artistic breast, and is the cause of much heart-burning and bitter re-creation. That the Academy is, to a great extent, badly managed is a fact that few, with the exception perhaps of those in the "ring," will deny; but that it is as badly managed as many of the disaffected ones would make out cannot, I think, be clearly proven upon a closer scrutiny of the affairs of the institution.

In the first place, the National Academy is supposed, principally through its Fellowship Fund, to be possessed of great wealth. This it is not. The Fund is a large, a magnificent one, but the Academy can but use its yearly income, which barely covers the current expenses of the institution—in fact does not cover them, for the receipts of the annual exhibition have to be employed to make up the deficit; these receipts, at present, do not average \$25 a day. In this state of affairs it is manifestly impossible to maintain the art schools with that degree of liberality which they otherwise would be. At present there are no permanent instructors, a fact which has called forth a vast deal of abuse from the daily journals. But are the writers of these articles thoroughly conversant with the pecuniary affairs of the institution? Evidently not; for had they been so these firebrands would not have been thrown into the art world; unless, indeed, they are hurled by the hand of malice, rather than wisdom, good feeling, and a desire for the advancement of American art. As it is, many of the artists spend a great portion of their time at the schools giving gratuitous advice and instruction, but it is not to be expected of them, and no reasoning person has any right to expect, that they will devote *all* their time

to this one object; in this work-a-day, every-one-for-himself world, artists must struggle and strive with the rest of mankind for their daily bread; the majority of them are by no means heavily laden with this world's goods, and no one has a right to demand that they should sacrifice their time and labor to art instruction to the detriment of their own pecuniary prospects. The time of an artist is as valuable to him, even from the lowest stand-point—money, as is that of the mechanic, and surely much more so to the educated and enlightened portion of the community whom he leads forth into an artificial world of poetry and beauty, bringing man into closer communication with God and Nature by the imagery of his mind and the skill of his hand.

The Academy furnishes spacious, well-lighted rooms, and valuable models. Surely, then, the student, if he have the feeling of art in him, will be inspired by these noble counterparts of the grand old masters to do good things. Instructors may be necessary to point out to him the technical difficulties. These instructors he has. Gentlemen who sacrifice their own time for his benefit, and receive in return—thanks? No; abuse. There is no *regular* instructor. Here is a fine chance for the newspapers to twaddle. They twaddle. For shame! Gentlemen editors; Heaven knows art needs all the encouragement it can get in this country, and the National Academy, its acknowledged representative, should be treated kindly instead of having the venomous shafts of unjust criticism hurled against its walls with malevolent virulence.

Of the management of the annual exhibitions more can be justly said in the way of censure. There are, unquestionably, glaring cases of injustice and favoritism. But, after all, these are not confined to our National Academy; from England, France, in short, the whole art world, we hear the same complaints. Good pictures "*in the skies*," bad ones on "*the line*." From France we hear these mutterings to a less degree; as there the sensible plan of a "*government hanging committee*," explained at length in these columns some time since, is in vogue and gives general satisfaction;—or, rather, *was*; for the artists have found that their pictures are safest in the hands of their brother artists;—and even were they discontented, there is still the recourse of the second "*hanging committee*" of amateurs, directed by a professional. Why not adopt this plan here? It is eminently democratic, and must perforce, silence the voice of discontent. Let the coming Fall exhibition witness its inauguration, and my word for it, gentlemen of the Council, you will hear less grumbling and see far better exhibitions.

The present exhibition is fertile in cases of